

The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

S. M. HOLIN, Editor and Proprietor.

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WRECKED AND LOST.

Alone on the pier of the river,
In the desolate darkness of night,
A girl (may the good saint deliver)
The tempted who strive to do right!

Stood forth like the ghost of a woman,
Beset of warmth, reason and light.
No lights in the skies over-reaching,
Or the river that flowed at her feet;

No warmth in the Puritan's preaching,
Or the comforter's words in the street;
No reason why she should be driven
To the death which she dreaded to meet.

She spoke, saying, "Life, it is bitter,
The love of a man is a lie;
The world is aglow with the glitter
Of falsehood and fraud, and I die
Content to go with my trouble
To the infinite rest of the sky;

"Or down to the depths where the weary
Who sleep in their sins meet a doom
More terrible, vengeful and dreary
Than the darkness and damp of the tomb—
Where the love of the Lord never enters
To banish the midnight of gloom.

"What matters it where, since the lover,
Whose love was the cause of my fate,
Has left me alone to discover
(Alas! but my wisdom comes late)
That the trust in the heart of a woman
Is a prey for the furies of Fate?"

A path from the pier of the river,
In the desolate darkness of night—
A struggle, a groan and a shiver,
A face, then the white moon more white,
Tipped with the gleam of the stars—
My God! it is a heart-rending sight!

What vision is that which dawned
On the face of the woman who stood
The vision of one weak and lowly,
Whom the saints and good angels adore;
Come, a voice from the realm of the holy,
"Rest, sinner, now sit at my door!"

So out through the mouth of the river,
Unheeded by the treacherous stream,
Floated the wreck of a life that was never
As had as we have seen,
Placed the wreck of a life, that has conquered
The secret that baffles our dream.

VARIETIES.

Deep waters make a still noise. So do
deep men.
A man with large feet should never stand
upon trifles.

No other living thing can go so slow as a
boy on an errand.
They are so busy in Kansas that they spell
it "llworth."

The Queen didn't so much as go out in a
tug to meet the American ballists.
Why ought not a timepiece to be called a
thingummy? Because it is a watch you
call it.

Who is the straightest man mentioned in
the bible? Joseph, because Pharaoh made
a ruler of him. And that's why he remained
stationary in Egypt.

A minister once prayed: "Oh Lord we
thank Thee for the goodly number here to-
night, and that thou also art here with-
standing the inclemency of the weather."

When they told an Indiana woman that
her husband had been sliced up by a reaper,
she impatiently replied: "Well take the
pieces to the barn; I can't leave the goose-
berry sauce just now."

When one is in the act of tipping his hat
to a lady whom he supposes is an acquain-
tance, it requires some tact to make believe
he is only scratching his head as he discov-
ers the lady is a stranger.

To err is human. No lives are passed
without errors. The best and the meanest
of God's human creatures can, without the
great stretch of memory, recall the time
when they got hold of the wrong end of the
poker.

While a youthful couple were being joined
in wedlock in a Justice's court, in New
York, the daisied rather astonished a num-
ber of spectators by suddenly breaking out
in: "I want to know whether we are to
keep house or board, before going into this
thing!"

Remember that appearances are often
deceiving. Many a pale, thin young lady,
will eat more voraciously than a carpenter.
Because you find her playing the piano in the
parlor is no sign that her mother is not at
the corner grocery running in debt for a
peck of potatoes.

A Yankee poet thus breaks forth: "Oh!
the snore, the beautiful snore, filling the
chamber from ceiling to floor! Over the
coverlet, under the sheet, from her weep-
ing child to her pretty feet! Now rising
aloft like a bee in June; now flute-like sub-
siding, then piping again, is the beautiful
snore of Elizabeth Jane."

"An old man and his wife who came in
by the Central road yesterday morning, saw
about thirty blacks at the door of the depot,
and about thirty blacks shouting 'Heck!' at
them. The man took it all as a high com-
pliment, and laughing to the old lady he said,
'I tell you, mother, they think we are some-
thing great, or they'd never had all these
carriages down here to meet us. I wonder
how they know we were coming?'—Detroit
Free Press.

Tennessee Manners in Old Times.

When I left sixty years ago, says an old
native of the State, industry and economy
were the handmaids of virtue, contentment
and happiness. The women and girls
clothed the family, cooked the meals and
did the various work, all contented and
happy, voluntarily laboring to secure a com-
petency for the household. Families in
those days were not enervated and ruined
by luxuries—what is called high living and
fashion. They were clothed at home by
their honest labor, the boys in their jeans
and copers cotton, and the girls in their
stripes of cotton and linsey. Dresses were
made to fit their persons and developed
their natural and beautiful forms. One
cannot tell now which is the girl and which
is the dress. I have looked about over this
large assembly to see if I could not find
one of those beautiful striped dresses setting
off the rosy mountain pinks of the present
day, but the ancient customs have disap-
peared since I have been gone. In that day
but few mothers and daughters ever had a
calico dress, to say nothing of the silk
cashmeres, muslins, crapes, and poplins of
the present day.

In those days we had our sugar camps,
made our own sugar; coffee was bought at
our commercial cities and only used on
Sundays. Milk, the best and most healthy
beverage in the world, was daily used, and
the rose bloomed and played upon every
girl's cheek. There was no colored doc-
tor's bills to pay. We had meeting houses
in those days, made of logs and clapboards.
We called it going to meeting. The elegant
phrase now is to attend church, and go in
buggies and carriages. We walked from
three to five miles in going to meeting, and
I have seen from fifty to one hundred ladies
walking barefooted to meeting, carrying
their shoes and stockings in their hands,
and on arriving sitting down along the
branch, washing their beautiful feet, put-
ting on their stockings and shoes, prepara-
tory to going in.

Chief-Justice Chase and the Ladies.

One of Mr. Chase's inflexible rules was
never to transact business in his law office.
He had not the gallantry to believe in the
supremacy of feminine reason. No amount
of explanation, he was accustomed to say,
was sufficient to convince a woman that to
grant any particular request was inexpedi-
ent or impossible. "On one occasion a
rude and persistent woman office-broker,
of considerable personal attractions, hastily
demanded an interview; but the refusal was
so emphatic and his manner so stern that
she retreated thoroughly frightened. On
another occasion, Mrs. W., wife of an old
acquaintance and herself intimate in Mr.
Chase's family, and a lady of great ele-
gance, boasted that she would make him
forego his rule. She went to the office and
sent in her card. He sent back a very
courteous message, explaining his regula-
tion, and invited her at the same time to
make known her wishes through the mes-
senger. But Mrs. W. had no wish except to
make him break his rule in her favor.
Presently she sent her card a second time,
and received again the same message. She
then resolved upon another expedient. She
gave the messenger at the office door no op-
portunity to intercept her, except by means
of great violence, and she determined to
enter, stepping inside, asked the secretary
if she could have an interview with him.
His reply was a stern and unmistakable
"No!" She burst into tears and retreated;
Mr. Chase, instantly full of regret, followed
Mrs. W. into the hall, and seating himself
at her side upon one of the sofas, expressed
his sorrow at what had happened, and re-
peated the rule he had prescribed for himself,
and explained its necessity as he thought, and
again invited her to state her wishes, but
did not invite her into his office."

Our Interview.

We thought everybody in the State knew
we were deaf, but once in a while we find
one who is not aware of the fact. A female
book peddler came to the office the other
day. She wished to dispose of a book. (She
was alone in this world, and had no one to
whom she could turn for sympathy or as-
sistance; hence we should buy her book.)
She had received a liberal education, and
could talk French like a native; we could
not, in consequence, pay her less than two
dollars for a book. We had listened
attentively, and here broke in with—
"What did you say? We're deaf."
She started in a loud voice, and went
through her rigmarole. When she had
finished, we went and got a roll of paper,
made it into a speaking trumpet, one end to
our ear, and told her to proceed. She
seemingly broke a blood vessel in her efforts
to make herself heard. She commenced:
"I am alone in the world."
"It doesn't make the slightest difference
to us. We are a husband and a father.
Bigamy is not allowed in this State. We are
not eligible to proposals."

"Oh, what a fool the man is!" she said,
in a low tone; then at the top of her voice,
"I don't want to marry you, I want to sell
a book!"

This last sentence was howled.
"We don't want a cook," we remarked,
blandly; "our wife does the cooking, and
she would not allow a good looking woman
as you to stay in the house five minutes."

She looked at us in despair, gathering her
robes about her, giving a glance of con-
tempt, she exclaimed:
"I do believe that if a three-hundred
pounder were let off alongside of that deaf
fool's head he'd think somebody was knock-
ing at the door."

You should have heard her slam the door
when she went out. We heard that.

The night-clerk of a Cleveland hotel was
startled at about 11 o'clock the other night
by the following conversation, at a time
when he supposed he was alone in the
office. "Come here, you scoundrel, let's go
up stairs." "Go nothing!" was the gruff
reply, "let's wait till the midnight train
comes in; there's nothing in the house you
can get blood out of now." And the amazed
and horrified clerk could see nobody in the
room except two old gray mosquitoes, dozing
on a Saratoga trunk.

Charge It.

A simple little sentence is this, to be sure,
and yet it may be considered as one of the
insidious enemies with which people have
to deal. It is very pleasant to have all the
little commodities offered for sale in the
market, and it is sometimes hard to deny
one's self of the same when they can be ob-
tained by saying "charge it." But this
habit of getting articles, however small the
charge may be, without paying for them,
keeps one's funds in a low state most of the
time.

"I have no money to-day but should like
the article much," says a young man who
happens to go into a store and sees some-
thing which strikes his fancy.

"Never mind," said the gentlemanly clerk,
"you are good for it."

"Well, I will take it, and you may charge
it."

And so it is that little accounts are opened
at one place and another, till the young man
is surprised at his liabilities; which though
small in detail, are sufficiently large in the
aggregate to reduce his cash materially when
settling day comes.

In many instances, if the cash were re-
quired, the purchase would not be made,
even had the person the money by him;
but to some, getting an article charged
does not seem like parting with an equiv-
alent.

Still when pay-day comes as always it does,
this illusion vanishes, and a feeling is ex-
perienced of parting with money and receiv-
ing nothing in return.

If there is an actual necessity of making a
purchase, and the means are not at hand,
there is a reasonable excuse for obtaining
the same on credit; but when the articles
can be dispensed with until payment can be
made, it is much to the advantage of the
purchaser to do so.

"We must have a nice set of furniture,"
say a young couple about to be united
in marriage, "but we have not the means
however, we will get it, and have it
charged."

The habit once formed it is difficult to
break away from, and whenever anything is
wished for, it is purchased without consid-
ering that circumstances may arise which will
render the payment impossible.

When there is a certainty of health, and
a supply of labor, it would place rather a
different construction upon the matter. But
considering the fluctuating character of bu-
siness, making it possible that a mechanic
may be thrown out of employment at any
time, it is certainly better to be prepared
for such emergencies by keeping clear of
debt.

Sickness may overtake one at any time,
and the thought that numerous charges
are standing against us, aggravates the dis-
ease and renders the misfortune hard to
bear.

Taking this view of the matter, is it not
better to forego the pleasure of possessing
articles which to our taste may prompt us
to purchase until the means are at hand?
It is very easy to say "charge it," but not
always so easy to pay it.

And this is always the ultimatum. If pay-
ment is deferred too long, the very one who
politely tells the purchaser that it will make
no difference about the money, will say he
had no business to buy fine feathers if he
had no prospect of paying.

And in a measure this is true. By pursu-
ing such a course, a person is never inde-
pendent; the host of little debts are ever
ready to perplex and worry him when that
for which they were incurred has been used.
Hence it may be said that the custom of
charging is unjust both to purchaser and
seller, as the one loses his peace of mind
and the other oftentimes loses his money.

Getting in debt is easy, but getting out is
just the reverse; and for that reason it
would be better for people to ask when about
to make a purchase in the manner alluded
to, is it not best for me to wait until I have
the money, and then not have to order the
seller to "charge it?"

EXORCIS OF POLITICS.—Albert J. Brown,
of Mississippi, was brigadier-general of
militia at nineteen, in the Legislature at
twenty-two, and in Congress at twenty-six.
He was Circuit Judge at twenty-eight, Gov-
ernor at thirty, and was afterwards Senator.

He was never defeated when a candidate for
office. In a recent letter Mr. Brown says
that it would have been better for him if he
had followed the occupation of his father,
which was that of a farmer. His greatest
ordeal was in office. He adds: "To be a black-
smith, a carpenter or an artisan of any sort
is no discredit to any man. Better that
than be a jack-legged lawyer, a quack doc-
tor, counter hopper, or worse still, a
wretched seeker after office."

THEIR DIVORCE.—A curious episode in
the railroad depot at Lincoln, Neb., the
other day, was a Mennonite divorce. The
man was anxious to go to Dakota, and his
wife equally anxious to remain; so, after a
long argument in Russian and German, they
sat down upon the floor, and opening a bag
containing \$2,000 in gold, counted it out,
piece by piece, the man taking one-half and
the woman the other. They then shook
hands and separated, the man jumping upon
a train bound for Dakota.

Relics of the Rebellion.

Mr. Vincent sends us the following in-
teresting account of the overhauling of
Jeff Davis's personal effects, which, at his
capture, were boxed up and consigned to
the keeping of the War Department. The
box, strapped and sealed by the Adjutant
General has had the quiet slumber of a
sarcophagus for nine years:

A few weeks ago Mr. Davis had his mem-
ory jostled by a business transaction,
which made it important to have certain
private papers stowed away in the catacomb
of the War Department. Through a South-
ern friend, he communicated with the
Secretary of War, and asked if there was any
impropriety in requesting the return of
such unimportant documents and letters as
would only be of service to him in business
relations. General Belknap thought there
would be none, and the turn of the Con-
federacy was brought forth, the seal broken,
and the contents examined. The letters
and private papers were ordered to be re-
turned. A ring, several boxes of cigars
brought by blockade runners, and not having
the loyal evidence of internal revenue stamps,
underwear and linen shirts, in as good state
of preservation as any cloth about the mum-
mies at the Smithsonian Institution, were
also included in the category.

But the petticoat, alas! the petticoat!
The moth had destroyed this historic gar-
ment and reduced its ample folds to a mass
of chewed material. Not all the delicate
hands of the tenderest females in Gen. Spin-
ner's redemption division could have hand-
led the cell-bruted gown so as to preserve its
shape or even its identity. At the bottom
of the box were exhumed dreadful emblems
of war, a pair of revolvers and a carbine.
Should these, too, be returned?

A council of war was held, at which Gen.
Townsend, Gen. Vincent and the Secretary
of War were present. It was solemnly re-
solved that at the present critical juncture
in the affairs of the South it would be im-
prudent for the War Department to furnish
arms to the ex-president of the deceased
Confederacy.

Two rusty revolvers might have in them
elements of a new rebellion and wise state-
manship dictated that these silent weapons
of death should again be consigned to the
catacombs of the War Department, where
a Democratic successor of the present Sec-
retary alone can wake them to glory. It
can be stated that this official decision
of the Southern States. Mr. Davis gets his
private papers, some of his friends have been
favored with his dried up cigars as souvenirs
of the lost cause, and all that is dangerous,
the revolvers and carbine, now repose peace-
fully in the War Department, for the seal
of General Townsend has consigned the box
to its old position, wrapped about with red
tape and marked, "handle with care."

Deacon Barnes' Sunday.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" mentally ejacu-
lated Deacon Barnes, at the close of a ser-
mon about heaven. "Those are my ideas
exactly."

And so enraptured was he with his
thoughts as he passed out of the church,
he forgot to ask lame old Mrs. Howe to
ride home with him, as was his usual cus-
tom.

"Perhaps it is well," he tho't, "for she is
a worldly old woman and would probably
have drawn my thoughts away from heaven."
At the dinner table his son exclaimed:
"Oh, father, I have situation at last!"

"Have you forgotten that it is Sunday,
John?" asked the father, sternly. "Don't
let me hear any more such talk."

John ate his dinner in silence. How
could his situation be a wrong thing to speak
of on Sunday? He was so thankful for it
that it seemed to come from the hand of
God. God knew all about the restless
months in which he had answered an ad-
vertisement every week.

When the minister gave thanks in church
for all the mercies of the past week, John's
heart gave a grateful throb, and he deter-
mined now to acknowledge God in all his
ways.

John ate his dinner in silence, while his
father thought about heaven.

In the afternoon Mr. Barnes' nephew,
a stranger in that place, came over from his
boarding place opposite and sat on the piazza
talking with John.

"I can't allow this," said Mr. Barnes,
coming to the door with his Bible in his
hands: "you mustn't sit here breaking the
Sabbath. Go back to your boarding house
and read some good book."

Tom started up angrily, and spent the
afternoon fishing and butting with an old
colored man, his only acquaintance in the
place, while Deacon Barnes sat in a large
rock on the piazza with a handkerchief
over his face, and thought about heaven.

Presently his two little granddaughters
came out on the piazza with a picture book
and sat down near him. There was a flutter
of leaves and a great deal of buzzing as the
little yellow heads bent over the book, and
finally laughed outright.

"Children, where's your mother?" sternly
demanded Deacon Barnes.

"Ellen, Ellen," he shouted, "I think
you might keep these children quiet on the
Sabbath. They won't allow me to think."

Ellen had been awake all night with a
fretful baby. She had hushed him, and had
just fallen asleep when her father's voice
aroused her and awoke the baby.

"Please send them up stairs," she said
wearily.

And all that sultry afternoon she amused
the three children in a close, upper room,
while her father rocked and fanned himself,
and thought of heaven.

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